

CROW & CO.

Druggists & Pharmacists,

McKinney, - - - Kentucky.

Have on hand the largest and best selected line of

CHRISTMAS GOODS

Of every kind ever put on the market, and are selling them lower than anybody. The most fastidious can be suited in anything from a doll baby up to a fine dresser. Call and see them.

F. M. WARE

As the year is drawing to a close, I desire to return my thanks to my friends and the public generally for the very liberal manner in which they have patronized me during the year and also to say that I intend during the coming year to make a greater effort, if possible, to furnish them with everything they may need and at prices that will be satisfactory to all.

I feel that my facilities are not surpassed by any merchant in the State, being right on the railroad, occupying a large two-story, well lighted building; no rents or city taxes to pay, paying spot cash for nearly every dollar's worth of goods I buy, selling altogether for cash or to strictly good men, having no losses to make up off of those who do pay—all of which are certainly considerations for close buyers. I shall continue as heretofore, to keep everything everybody wants and with a cordial invitation to all to come and see my

Christmas Novelties!

which are both handsome and useful and of prices clear out of the reach of competition and extending the best wishes of the season, and again thanking you, one and all, I am, respectfully, F. M. WARE, McKinney, Ky.

J. B. TUCKER,

Hustonville, Ky.,

—Dealer In—

GROCERIES & HARDWARE

I have bought the stock of goods formerly owned by Mr. F. S. Tuttle and am doing business at his old stand. I have made large purchases since I bought the stock and with the large and well selected stock that Mr. Tuttle had, I am now prepared to wait on those wishing anything in the Grocery and Hardware line. See my stock even if you do not wish to purchase.

J. B. TUCKER.

Anthony Hunn,

SUCCESSOR TO C. H. BISHOP,

HUSTONVILLE, - - KENTUCKY.

Having purchased the Confectionery and Restaurant of the above, I will continue the business at the old stand and will keep constantly on hand a

Nice Line of Groceries and Confectioneries,

All of which I will sell at remarkably Low Prices. I make a specialty of selling Stick Candy at 10 cents per pound. Preserves, Mince Meats, Cider and in fact, everything is kept in my store. I have opened a

LARGE AND HANDSOME LINE OF DRUGS,

And will have an experienced man to attend to this line. Foreign Fruits in great variety. Fireworks and Toys for the Holidays. See my line before purchasing. ANTHONY HUNN, Hustonville.

F. SCHULTZE & CO

20 and 22 West Fourth St.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

IMPORTERS OF

CHINA AND GLASSWARE,

Art Pottery and Fancy Goods

For Dining Rooms, Drawing Rooms and Chamber Decorations.
DINNER SERVICES & TABLE GLASSWARES SPECIALTIES.

JESSE J. THOMPSON,



The old and reliable Barber announces that he is in better shape than ever to wait on his customers and as many new ones as may come. Hair-trimming, shaving, shampooing, all done in the latest and most artistic style. This barber recommends this to be one of the best Tonsorial Artists rooms in the State.

J. W. WALLACE.

PRACTICAL BLACKSMITH,

STANFORD, KY.

Everything belonging to this Business done in the most approved manner and as cheap as the cheapest. All I ask is a trial. To my many Customers who have patronized me so liberally I am very thankful and only ask a continuance, promising always to do my best.

we cordially recommend your use of the best remedy known to cure hemorrhoids and piles. We have sold countless others, and in every case with great satisfaction.

W. J. Wallace,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

GRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Miss Alice Stuart is now teaching school at Goshen.

—On Saturday night, the 24th, there will be a Christmas tree at one of the churches here.

—Last Thursday was Mr. George King's birthday. His wife gave an elegant dinner in his honor, to which only gentlemen friends were invited.

—Mr. W. M. Garnett, who continues to suffer very much, has the sympathy of the entire community. A large bill on Miss Kate Holman's arm has caused her a great deal of pain during the last two weeks.

—Call on E. W. Jones for "Holiday Goods," viz. dressers, manicure sets, mirrors, Christmas cards, picture frames, photographs and autograph albums and toys, the cheapest ever sold in Crab Orchard.

—There will be another entertainment at the College Hall, on the night of the 22nd under the management of Mrs. Hawes and Miss Thiriot. These two names are sufficient to insure a good performance and a large audience.

—On to night, Friday, there will be an oyster supper at the College Hall, given by the Good Templars. It is for a good cause and deserves to be well patronized. Those in attendance will also have the privilege of listening to some excellent music, as the school piano will be moved up stairs.

—Our lucky star is certainly in the ascendency this week, for we were invited and were present, too, at three splendid dinners. On each of these occasions all of the delicacies that could charm the eye or tempt the palate were placed before us and we did ample justice to them all. Mrs. Sam Ward, Mrs. W. K. Buchanan and Mrs. Dr. Pettus are the excellent ladies to whom we are indebted for these pleasant days. Long will memory recall these happy hours spent in their hospitable homes. One feature that added very much to the enjoyment of these occasions were the numerous lovely songs so admirably rendered by Mr. Daugherty.

—Misses Lillias and Jean Buchanan have gone to Knoxville, Tenn., to spend the winter. Messrs. A. E. Gibbons and D. S. Hinman, of Danville, paid a flying visit to friends here. Mr. James Gover, of Stanford, has been visiting his brother, Mr. Bowen Gover. Mrs. M. C. Williams, of Mt. Vernon, is with her mother, Mrs. W. F. Kennedy, who continues very sick. Mrs. Lucinda Stephenson is visiting in Harrodsburg, where she will remain all winter. Mr. Robert White, of Mt. Vernon, spent several days with friends here. Miss Jean Buchanan is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Haldeman, in Louisville.

—The protracted meeting, which commenced at the Christian church on the night of the 7th, is largely attended and much interest manifested, though there have been no confessions yet. Rev. R. A. Hopper, of Lebanon, who is conducting the meeting, was assisted by Revs. J. B. Gibson and J. Q. Montgomery, of Stanford, several days this week. Able and appropriate discourses have been presented by all of the ministers and the splendid solo singing by Mr. Leonard Daugherty, of Elizabethtown, who has been fitly styled "the sweet singer of Israel," is by no means a minor feature. The congregation listens to him with rapt attention and silence reigns supreme while his rich, melodious voice fills the church.

—Thinking that it will be of interest to some of your readers, we clip the following from the Cumberland Gap Progress, published at Tazewell, Tennessee, on the 8th inst: "The funeral of the late I. C. Lane was largely attended. He was one of the old citizens, was at one time tax collector and had also represented this county in the legislature." Quite a number of people in this section of country are closely related to Mr. Lane, among whom are his three grandsons, Messrs. James and Robert White, of Mt. Vernon, and Mr. Perry White, of Lincoln. He was the father of J. P. Lane, deceased, who was the first husband of Mrs. Kate Egbert, that now is.

—There has been so much moving around during the last week that we hardly know where our neighbors live. Mr. Whit Montgomery has moved to his farm in the country where Mr. Harrison Thurman lived. He has moved to Garrard county. Mr. F. W. Dillion has taken possession of Mr. Whit Montgomery's place on the Stanford pike, lately vacated by him. Mr. Sam Ward has moved to Mrs. Eva Smith's house. Mr. J. T. Higgins, who formerly lived there, has moved into Mr. Sam Smith's house. Mr. Sam Holman is now living in the house opposite Mr. W. M. Garnett's. Mrs. Laura Moore has moved to Mr. J. W. Guest's property on the Somerset pike, where Mr. Sam Ward lived.

Howard Starn, of Baltimore, apparently died of convulsions. His body was placed in a coffin and the coffin temporarily placed in a vault. A few days afterwards, when the friends of the deceased went to have the remains moved from the vault to the grave, they were horrified to find the glass in the top of the coffin broken and the body turned over on its face. Starn had evidently regained consciousness in his coffin and made a desperate struggle to escape. The shroud was torn to shreds.

"Ab, my son," said the minister, "I'm glad to see you in the Sunday-school at last. Is this your first Sunday?" "Yes, sir."

"How do you like it?"

"Oh, guess I kin stand it until after the Christmas tree."—[Ed. Bits.]

"We don't care for the rain," said one Baltimore girl to another as she raised an umbrella; "we're neither sugar nor salt." "No," replied the other, "but we are lasses."—[Harper's Bazar.]

ROWLAND.

—Thinking perhaps that items from this busy centre of railroad traffic might be of interest to those most interested, I will give a few such as have been gathered.

—Besides the new Shelton Hotel, there are many private boarding houses that are crowded to their utmost capacity with railroad employees and their families.

—There has been for about two months past an unprecedented heavy shipment of coal and lumber via this would be railroad centre, averaging over 100 cars per day.

—R. T. Mattingly has moved to his new residence in East Stanford, on Whitley avenue. W. C. Barlett has also moved into his new residence in South Rowland. Mr. Dick Greaser has about recovered from his recent illness.

—I find there is a fast growing disposition on the part of the citizens to educate their children, morally as well as mentally, so as to not only avoid future trouble, but to build up and maintain a healthy sentiment which will be a pride to our county as well as this special community.

—The public school being taught by your scribe will close next week. The attendance has been more regular and numerous than for several seasons, so I am told. Patrons and trustees have shown us much courtesy since we have been here. The children are mostly of a bright and cheerful nature, with many very bright ones of both sexes. For the five months we have been in and out among them, we have not seen a single drunken man, or one who seemed inclined to be quarrelsome.

—Having talked with many of the citizens and railroad men in regard to a street railway from here to Stanford, I find that they all agree as to the necessity of the enterprise, as it would not only save much valuable time in the transfer to and fro, but be of great convenience to those who live in Stanford whose place of business is Rowland. Also the immense trade carried on by the grocery merchants in town, the expense of which would be greatly lessened as well as the amount of business increased.

—Then as the demand is evidently so great, who of our moneyed men in Stanford and Rowland will inaugurate and push forward the enterprise, which would evidently be a paying one, instead of investing their capital in building up foreign cities, towns and territories, that can never benefit our home industries? So let us have the street railway and a solidly built up city all along the line.

F. M.

A LESSON IN PHYSIOLOGY.—A pupil in one of the public schools of the city completed recently in the following manner with a request to write a composition on the subject of a physiological lecture to which the school had just listened:

"The human body is made up of the head, the thorax and the abdomen.

"The head contains the brains when there is any."

"The thorax contains the heart and the lungs."

"The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five: A, E, I, O and U, and sometimes W and Y."—[Philadelphia Item.]

STRICTLY TEMPERANCE.—"Is the editor in?"

"He is. I am that unfortunate individual. What can I do for you?"

"Well, sir, my name is Grinnell—temperance lecturer. I want a drink the worst kind, and being in my business you know it wouldn't look well for me to go into a saloon. Couldn't you scheme to send out for some?"

"Oh, yes. I'll call the darkey to the back window. I am also a strict temperance man."

There is no doubt that the bumptiousness and intolerance of the liquor men, their disregard of legislative regulations made for the public safety and the public health, their attempted dictation in politics and the demoralizing influence which they have exerted in legislative bodies have been powerful aids to the prohibition movement. They discarded moderation and scoffed at good advice. If they are wise now they will range themselves definitely in favor of proper regulation of the traffic such as high license insures.—[Chicago Tribune.]

President Lincoln said once that the best story he ever read in the papers of himself was this. Two quakers were traveling on the railroad and were heard discussing the probable termination of the war. "I think," said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed." "Why does that think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "And so is Abraham," replied the first, "but the Lord will think that Abraham is joking." The first replied conclusively.

The deepest well in this country is at Northampton, Mass., sunk by Belding Bros. & Co., silk manufacturers. It is 3,700 feet deep and 8 inches in diameter. At a depth of 150 feet from the surface a sedimentary sandstone was struck, which continued the whole depth, and water was never obtained. At St. Louis there is a well 3,180 feet deep, which yields an abundance of sulphur water.

—The Ohio Bohemian oats men have gone West, and now it won't be safe for the Missouri farmer to sign his name anywhere outside the family bible.

—Governor Larrabee, of Iowa, has refused to interfere in the case of Chester Bellows, sentenced to be hanged to-day, at Charles City, for the murder of Alice Werman. The rope prepared for the execution of Lingg, the Chicago Anarchist, will be used in hanging Bellows.

THE FEAST OF THANKS.

Years pass like winds that cease to blow,
Like stars that fall from heaven's dome;
By winds of years, by winter snow,
Unquenched, still gleams the lights of home.

O, hearts we love where'er we be,
For you the sacred board is spread,
The feast of Love and Memory!

Clear eyes full filled of holier light,
Clear souls at peace past death's dim banks,
Through all that gloom of utter night,
Come, keep with us the day of thanks!

The waves of storm scourged years that roar
May flock the golden head with foam;
By the old hearths we sit no more;
Yet God be thanked for love and home!

Though hopes and joys, like April snow,
May melt, though good or grief befall;
For all our life, for bliss or woe,
Pretty thanks said at this festival!

Old homes, old hopes, old friends, old days
Wherefrom full many a season parts
For all, for all, to God be praise,
And most for love and kindly hearts!

THE PRESENT MRS. GRIME.

It ain't every man that has a chance to see the worst side of his wife's character afore marriage and the sweetness after. But I bein' a tinner, with as good an outfit as travels a New England road, bitters, pans, brooms, teakettles, an' all sorts o' nickknacks, bein' included, got a pretty good back view of what learned folks call society. An' it was about o' fellerin' my trade in this fashion that I first saw the present Mrs. Grime.

She was at the wash tub, an' the suds was flyin' for all they was worth. She looked pretty, too, though you might not think it from the work she was at, for she had red hair and the water had made it curl around her forehead, an' the rubbin' had made her cheeks rosy, an' somethin' I'll tell of when I get to it had made her eyes squint.

It was one of those big houses in a suburb she was doin' work at as third girl, to help the old folks back on the farm. She could a-gone into a mill to work, but somehow she didn't take so kindly to mill work, she told me afterwards, as she did to housework, even if housework was more drudgery and confusin'.

The back yard to this house was a green sort o' place, with lots o' bushes an' trees afore you got in full sight of the kitchen door, an' when I'd got there I was pretty near a good view of the primrose an' afore I could get another sight o' the life's woman at the tub, I heard somethin' say, with lots o' solid meanin' in the tones:

"You do that again, an' I'll do somethin' more than take-naw mind!"

I stepped out in full view o' matters, an' there a little mite o' rigged up babyhood was spillin' dirt into the wastebulb.

It was an aggravatin' thing, an' I know just how that little woman felt. There she was working away for dear life—for it was late an' I could see there was still a 'big pile o' clothes unwashed—an' that little wretch a 'grinnin' an' throwin' in flats full o' dirt. I just wondered what'd happen.

As I kept comin' nearer the house, the young rascal ran out for another haul, an' with a face as meek as sheep, livin' as a cricket, anticipatin', no doubt, the fun o' more soddin'.

But he missed his calculations. He hadn't no more than put his inverted body down to the tub than the little woman had been a tormentin' just swooped down on him easy and swift like, an' without a mite o' fuss or waste o' breath, landed him plump in the suds—dippers, velvet, dirt an' all. While you could count perhaps five she held him there a-blowed out little sinner, too completely knocked out o' his reckin' to even cry. Then she set him, all droppin' like a drowned rat, on the floor, an' held him fast by the shoulders.

"You've done that times enough," she said, with a grain o' temper that I found it easy to forgive, "an' no more has stopped you. Now I've taken you in hand, an' we'll see what'll come of it. Go tell your mother, an' tell her I'm ready to give her an explanation. Now you go!"

With a howl that would have done credit to a Fiji Islander, the soaked tormenter started, an' his self-constituted disciplinarian went to rubbin' fast and furious, as if she had still somethin' to work off.

In spite of the temper, I should have liked to give her a hearty hand shake, but I know enough about smart folks an' their relations to their third girls to know such a proceeding wouldn't be prudent; it wouldn't help the third girl a mite, so I just traveled back the way I had come, without a word about bitters or anything else. I felt pretty sure the fewer spectators to the scene that would follow, when that youngster's mother came down stairs, the better.

The folks in the kitchen had seen me, but I knew at least one of them would be more comfortable if I left, an' wouldn't lay up on me any leavin' out o' manners. But I made it in my way to call around there an' see if they had any rag or old paper they wanted to swap for tinware.

The third girl wasn't there, only the second girl from'nt, substin' like at a table. She said they didn't trade with peddlers—they bought all their tin things down to the store. Then I looked round careless, an' asked where the third girl was, but at that she looked scared an' said she didn't know, she'd been discharged, an' no one knew where she'd gone.

I was mighty sorry at that, for I'd admired that plucky dourin', in spite of the bit o' temper. Well, I said goodby to the second girl an' traveled back to my cart.

For more than two months I jangled round on my tin cart, makin' good bargains an' sellin' my bank account a few dollars each week. I always was of a thrifty turn, an' it some easy to lay by somethin', so I do not speak of it to make credit only as a fact. I thought lots about the washin' day an' wondered what the two women had said when the young tormenter had told his ma. I always smiled when I thought on it, because I was pretty sure the mistress didn't get the best of it in words anyhow. An' somehow, between you and me, mistresses could have a deal of plain speakin' done to 'em without havin' none'n their share.

But one afternoon I drove into a farmyard an' come near runnin' smash into another tin peddler establishment that had got there ahead of me. With due respect for the feller's rights, I was a preparin' to turn round an' git out, when I heard a voice that somehow seemed familiar:

"You're a swindler," it was sayin', "an' you know it! The bottom to that kittle is just the poorest kind o' stuff, an' the nose has come off an' been fastened on again. I don't want to trade with you, an' I won't, so you may as well go!"

"It's my little washtub beauty," says I to myself, wonderful glad, an' so it was. She looked to me, a meachin', cross eyed chap, to the door, an' I could see she was almost as angry as she was on that first mornin' I'd seen her. She wasn't so pretty this time either, for she had a towel round her head an' a faded old calico dress an' boots that was out at the toes, but somehow my heart gave a thump an' I was down off'n my waggin' in no time.

"Maybe I kin make a trade with you," I says, more jerky than I ever spoke before.

"Well, maybe you can," she says, eyin' me. I knew she was tryin' to place me, but I couldn't. I wanted to help her, but somehow

couldn't find the words. I could only bring out my best kittles and knock off half the regular price, on the ground that I wanted to dispose o' 'em quick, so's to lay in a new an' improved stock.

I was loagin' to know if this was her home, but couldn't think o' no way to find out with out askin' in so many words, an' that I hadn't the courage to do.

She handled the things carefully, but all of a sudden, when I thought she was examin' the nose of my biggest teakettle, she spoke up quick and sharp:

"I know where I've seen you," she said. "It was when I doused that Charley Cranly. Maybe you don't remember, since you didn't lose your temper an' place, but lovin' your place makes you remember."

Somehow them words made me light headed; she'd remembered me!

"I recollect," said I, fast as ever I could for the fit that had seized my tongue, "an' I wanted to shake hands with you. He deserved all you gave, the varmint!"

She smiled a little, and sighed, too.

"I lost me my place, of course," she went on, takin' up a bread pan an' turnin' it over. "I ain't had the heart to look up another one yet, so here I am at home, a scoldin' one peddler an' tellin' my affairs to another. You must have a pretty poor opinion of me, an' no wonder."

She ended with a little laugh, an' said she guessed they'd take the bread pan an' the smaller kittle.

"Do you calculate to stay round here all summer, or takin' nothin' but yourself because my face was gettin' red as fire?"

She answered back quite fierce:

"I shall stay till I learn to manage my temper better in tryin' times, when, according to present appearances, won't be any too soon."

I said some peddlers was enough to try the patience of a saint, an' then grew redder n ever, because I was afraid she'd think I meant I was afraid o' her trade, but an exception to 'em. But she didn't seem to take it that way. She laughed, and said there was peddlers an' peddlers.

Then we settled for the things, an' there bein' no excuse for my stayin' longer, I went.

I said to myself a good many times that day: "She's got red hair, an' she's got a temper," but it didn't keep her out o' my head a mite, nor hinder me from gettin' round to that farm house again in a week. This time we didn't make no trade, but we had a few words o' nonsense over, an' we noticed the hearty way things were growin'.

It was near twilight, an' when I went away I had a feelin' as if I'd tucked a bit o' peace-fulsness down in my heart to make me glad an' thankful in the dust an' flies o' the road.

It needed it pretty often that summer, for it grew to be a dreadful dry season, an' the 'avocets' was vile. I had to go to that farm house a good many times; it was no use tryin' to keep away, for the thought o' them bright eyes drew me there sure as honey draws bees.

I made excuses an' made excuses to myself till I most forgot I was a Methodist in good an' regular standin'. Then I drew myself up short.

"It's no use, James Grime!" I said; "you've lost somethin', an' you won't find it unless you find it in them brown eyes down on the Gray farm."

So I put on my best suit o' clo's an' a light overcoat, for it was gittin' near winter an' the nights was chilly, an' I hired a team of the livery stable at the village where I was stoppin' an' started. But I hadn't gone more'n a rod or two when I turned back.

"No, you don't," I says, "do dressed up in your very best and behind a hired horse! You ain't goin' to take no such advantage o' the little girl. Like as not she'd be first with her say-so work, an' in her common, every day dress, an' you ain't goin' to open her all fixed up as if you had no work to do or nothin'—no, sir, not by a long shot!"

So I took off the shiny shoes, clo's an' put on the old ones I'd had on when I first saw her. They was pretty seedy, but I put 'em on, an' when I'd hitched the old mare into the tin cart I felt a sight more square an' comfortable.

I was so better as far as clo's went than the dear little woman I wanted for my wife was—so to character. I thought o' my pipes an' rough ways, an' felt a new way o' lookin' at her. But then I thought, too, of her brown eyes and doves.

It was just supper time when I got to the house, an' they all asked me in to take somethin' with 'em, only Elizabeth Jane, she didn't pass me too much.

I suppose that supper was as long as common meals, but it seemed to fly by to me. After we were through I talked crops to the old gentleman, but, watched Elizabeth Jane washin' the dishes. She was so cast an' good looking, as she worked, I couldn't help it no how, spite of my determination to keep my mind on her father, an' my eyes, too. I looked an' looked, an' couldn't get enough o' lookin'.

After that I don't just remember what happened, but somehow we found ourselves out on the porch alone lookin' at the west, that was all a mass o' gold an' purple. It was one of them moments that come to a man new an' then an' keep him sure there's a heaven-tender an' deep an' still. I don't mean to say there weren't no noises, for there were—the tree toads a singin' an' the frogs a croakin' an' the leaves a rustlin', but they was still noises an' tender.

"Elizabeth," I says, feelin' how hard it would go with me if she refused me, "Elizabeth, I've got lots o' faults, an' I ain't got no polish like the city chap, but I love you, I love you, I want you for my wife. Do you a-pose you could care for me like that?"

I was standin' very near her, an' could hear her heart beat fast, but she answered with a soft, little laugh:

"You ain't got a temper," she says, under her breath, "an' you ain't lost your place on account of it, an' I think you've made a mistake an' don't want me, at least, I don't see how you can, any way."

I didn't waste no words. I knew, my heart told me, the peacefulness was to be mine; the brown eyes had what I'd lost in 'em an' somethin' besides. I just put my arms round her in the deep summer night, an' held her fast.

"I love you, temper an' all," I says, "wash tub an' everything. Don't you care for me just a little?"

"Yes," she whispered back, "in spite of my temper."

An' that's my wife, Elizabeth Jane, that I call "mother" now, because there's another Elizabeth Jane in the family.

We live on the old farm, an' barrin' the mistakes that come into all housekeepin' arrangements an' have to be made straight by experience, we've been as happy as the day is long.

I still peddle tins, an' sometimes when I'm ridin' along in the evening I think o' bein' without the wife an' home I'm goin' to, an' by the weight in my heart I know how much they are to me. So I say, "Bless the wives, all on 'em, but more particularly bless my wife."—Portland Transcript.

Asbestos Cloth.

Asbestos cloth is being used for wearing apparel by the firemen in Paris. The firemen, according to a newspaper report, arrived at the scene of a recent fire—the basement of a house—clad in asbestos cloth suits, and were enabled to descend into the basement and master the flames in a short time.—Cleveland Leader.